

Stories by the Authors of "The Sky Pilot," "Red Pottage," "The Amateur Cracksman," and "The Hosts of the Lord."

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Herlie's Aug. 1901

Some Genuine Lincoln Anecdotes.

The following anecdotes of Abraham Lincoln are related by Mrs. H. A. Baldwin, now living in Los Angeles, Cal., who was a close neighbor of the Lincoln family when they resided in Springfield, Ill.—The Editor. ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖

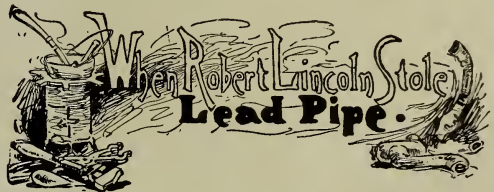


"IT was my good fortune to live in Springfield as a very near neighbor to the Lincoln family, in 1858, when Mr. Lincoln was running for senator against Stephen Douglas, and of course I saw a great deal of them. Had I at that time known how great a man he was destined to become I should certainly have jotted down more of the stories of which I was an eye-witness.

"I can remember clearly a little incident which occurred one very hot Sunday morning in summer. It was just about the time Mr. Lincoln had received the nomination for senator. My husband had gone to church alone that morning, as I was not feeling well. I was sitting at the window looking out on the street, when I espied little 'Tad' Lincoln trotting down the walk past our house as fast as his little legs could carry him. He was between two and three years of age at that time, and was the sharpest little chap imaginable. His father had nicknamed him 'Tadpole,' soon shortened to 'Tad,' as all the neighbors knew.

"Mrs. Lincoln had gone to church, leaving the children at home in charge of Mr. Lincoln, and the little fellow had escaped from the yard in some way or other. As I watched 'Tad' trotting past, I heard some one calling him from up the street. Glancing up, I saw Mr. Lincoln coming as fast as his long legs could carry him. As I have said, it was an exceedingly warm day, and people were wearing their thinnest clothes. As long as I live I shall never forget Mr. Lincoln's appearance. He was coatless, vestless, bareheaded and barefooted! Think of it! The man who was later to be President of the United States, actually striding down the street barefooted after his runaway child! It was the most comical sight I have ever witnessed. 'Tad' was soon overtaken, and Mr. Lincoln, grasping his rebellious son around the waist, tucked him under his long arm like a sack of meal, with his head to the rear, and started for home again. Unfortunately

church services had just closed, and the streets were crowded with people, fashionably dressed, who stared in astonishment and with merriment upon the comical sight. Little 'Tad' was screaming, kicking and squirming in a vain attempt to escape. His little arms and legs were revolving in all directions, and the sight of Mr. Lincoln, barefooted and half-dressed, with that boy under his arm, would have sent his wife into spasms had she witnessed it. He, however, was not embarrassed in the least, but ducked and bowed right and left to acquaintances, responding cheerily to their 'Why, good morning, Mr. Lincoln,' with 'How are you, Mrs. So-and-So,' or 'Fine day, Mr. So-and-So,' all the time wearing a pleasant smile, while the spectators were nearly convulsed at the sight.



"WHILE my brother-in-law, Mr. Boynton, was in the hardware business in Springfield, Lincoln's son Robert, then a boy of ten or twelve, entered the store one day with another boy of his own age. The lads had a quantity of lead pipe, which they wished to sell. A bargain was made and the money paid over to the boys, with no questions asked. Later in the day, however, Mr. Lincoln was visited at his home by the owner of a house which was undergoing repairs, and informed that his son Robert had stolen a quantity of lead pipe from the place, which the owner desired to either have paid for or returned.

"Mr. Lincoln was shocked. He called Robert, and, without asking any questions, took the boy by the arm and marched him down to the store. When they entered Mr. Lincoln was looking very stern.

"'Mr. Boynton,' said he, 'did my son Robert sell you some lead pipe to-day?'"

"My brother-in-law was greatly embarrassed. Everybody in Springfield knew Abraham Lincoln. His honesty and integrity were never questioned, and the idea that his son would steal was highly improbable. Mr. Boynton had, however, been notified in some manner that the pipe was stolen property. Nevertheless, he did not want to implicate the son of Abraham Lincoln, so he said:—

"'Ahem!—er—well, Mr. Lincoln, let me see. No; I don't think it was your boy who brought that pipe in here. He don't look like the boy.'

"There was a tin-shop at the rear of the store, and just as my brother-in-law was congratulating himself that young Lincoln would get out of the scrape, the sharp voice of the tinsmith exclaimed:—

"'Yes 'tis, too. That's the chap—that Lincoln boy, and another one about his size. I remember 'em.'

"Mr. Lincoln drew out his pocketbook and laid a bill upon the counter.

"'Please let me have that pipe, Mr. Boynton,' he said.

"The pipe was accordingly brought out. Mr. Lincoln placed it across Robert's shoulders. The two then left the store.

"It was an extremely hot day, and Robert Lincoln was barefooted. The store stood in a sort of square, which was paved with brick. These bricks had become heated by the sun, and produced an uncomfortable feeling to Robert's feet, as his father, with long strides, led him across the square. The boy danced along, first on one foot and then on the other. Suddenly he exclaimed:—

"'Say, pa, I can't stan' these hot bricks on my bare feet. Le's git over in the shade.'

"Lincoln senior looked down at the boy with a quizzical smile, then drily replied:—

"'Well, my son, you'd better get used to the heat. If you ever steal any more lead pipe you'll go to a place that's hotter than these bricks are.'

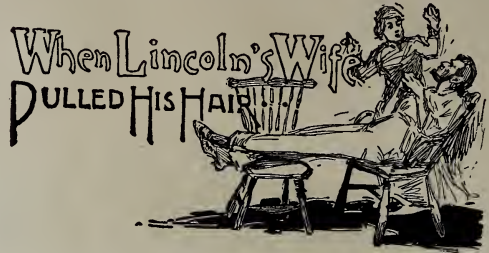
"Then he led the boy back to the house where the pipe had been appropriated and explained matters satisfactorily to the owner.



"Shortly after Lincoln was nominated for the Presidency, the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII., paid a visit to America. Lincoln's son Robert, of the pipe-stealing episode, had, that year, been attending Harvard College. He was spending his summer vacation in the Adirondack mountains in company with some companions. During the Prince's visit, and while his name was prominently mentioned in the papers, campaign literature began to be spread broadcast about the country, in which Mr. Lincoln was spoken of as 'Honest Abe, the Rail Splitter.' Some of these circulars fell into the hands of young Lincoln's companions in the mountains, and they, taking a cue from the visit of the Prince of Wales, dubbed Robert Lincoln the 'Prince of Rails.' The name

clung to him, and whenever Mr. Lincoln was seen in Springfield with Robert, people would look at the two and remark:—

"'There goes Honest Abe and the Prince of Rails.'



"While Mr. Lincoln was living in Springfield, a judge of the city, who was one of the leading and most influential citizens of the place, had occasion to call upon him. Mr. Lincoln was not over-particular in his matter of dress, and was also careless in his manners. The judge was ushered into the parlor, where he found Mr. Lincoln sprawled out across a couple of chairs, reclining at his ease. The judge was asked to be seated, and, without changing his position in the least, Mr. Lincoln entered into conversation with his visitor.

"While the two were talking Mrs. Lincoln entered the room. She was, of course, greatly embarrassed at Mr. Lincoln's off-hand manner of entertaining his caller, and stepping up behind her husband she grasped him by the hair and twitched his head about, at the same time looking at him reprovingly.

"Mr. Lincoln apparently did not notice the rebuke. He simply looked up at his wife, then across to the judge, and, without rising, said:—

"'Little Mary, allow me to introduce you to my friend, Judge So-and-So.'

"It will be remembered that Mrs. Lincoln's maiden name was Mary Todd, and that she was very short in stature."



A Trial Trip.

By CHARLES NEWTON HOOD.

THEY had resolved to be married in the early fall, and it was now only late spring.

The question had been definitely settled in middle spring, for it was in early spring that young Herrmann's fancy had turned lightly to the predestined thought of the season, and Mabel, the only daughter of Daniel Gotrox, had promised that after a certain date in early autumn, she would sign little letters, expressing thanks for fruit dishes, silver chests, cut glass, furniture, etc., "Mabel Gotrox-Herrmann."

So, you see, it was not to be a long engagement.

Young Herrmann had said that he did